

# The Frankfort Roundabout.

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Volume IX.

FRANKFORT, KY., JANUARY 2, 1886.

Number 17

## R. KNOTT & SONS,

LOUISVILLE, KY.,

—ARE—

## PREPARING TO MOVE

To their new store, 551 to 557 4th Ave. They will accordingly offer their

## ENTIRE STOCK

—AT SUCH—

## GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,

In many cases offering goods far

## BELOW COST,

In order to carry none of the stock on hand to their new room, that no careful buyer or economical housewife will allow such a

## GREAT OPPORTUNITY

to pass without taking advantage of it. It will NOT LAST LONG.

## R. KNOTT & SONS

HAVE HAD WONDERFUL SUCCESS IN

## FITTING BY MEASURE.

And will not allow the rush in the new store to interfere in any way with the work in the

## DRESS-MAKING DEPARTMENT.

SAMPLES AND ESTIMATES SENT ON APPLICATION. THEIR

## MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT

Is under the personal supervision of one of the firm, and their friends at a distance may reap the same advantages from this

## EXTRAORDINARY SALE

As their Louisville friends.

ADDRESS

R. KNOTT & SONS,

For the present 556 4th Ave.,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

The week of prayer will be observed at the First Presbyterian Church next week. Services will be held each evening during the week at 7 1/2 o'clock.

The City Council meets on Tuesday evening, the 12th inst., for the regular annual election of city officers. We understand there are only fifty-two candidates for policemen—about seven for each place. Next to Jailer of this county the office of police seems to be the most sought after.

Col. A. M. Swope, former collector of Internal Revenue of this District, who has recently returned from Europe, sent last week to Mrs. Judge W. H. Sneed, of this city, a souvenir in the shape of a cross made by the French nuns at Jerusalem of flowers gathered from the Garden of Gethsemane.

The following officers were elected by the Masonic Lodges in this city on Monday night for the ensuing year: HIRAM LODGE, No. 4.

Geo. A. Lewis, Master.  
V. A. Kallenbrun, Senior Warden.  
H. G. Mattern, Junior Warden  
W. T. Reading, Treasurer.  
E. Whitesides, Secretary.  
J. W. Payne, Senior Deacon.  
Peter Leight, Junior Deacon.  
Sanford Goin, Steward and Tyler.

ESOTERIC LODGE, No. 532.  
R. M. Grant, Master.  
W. S. Caplinger, Senior Warden.  
J. E. Kershaw, Junior Warden.  
J. Buford Hendrick, Treasurer.  
Jos. E. Graham, Secretary.  
W. H. Phythian, Senior Deacon.  
Wm. Cromwell, Junior Deacon.  
Sanford Goin, Steward and Tyler.

The record of the Spring Hill Gun Club of this city, for the season of 1885, makes a very interesting showing.

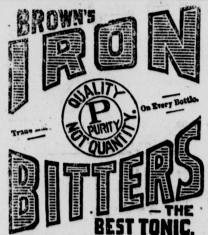
The Club consisted of seventeen members who participated in matches during the season, and the target record was as follows:

Clay Pigeons: Total birds shot at 2,399; total hit 1,570. Per cent. 65.  
Blackbirds: Total shot at 6,302; total hit 3,574. Per cent. 56.  
All targets: Total shot at 8,695; total hit 5,144. Per cent. 59.

Mr. Geo. F. Berry led the Club for the best average score for the season, breaking 622 out of 850 targets or 73 per-cent. Mr. Pepper's record was 70 per-cent., and Messrs. Morris, Thomason and others were close up to the front.

We understand the Club will be fully organized for the next season, and with improved weapons expect to show a still larger per-cent. of hits than is shown above.

It is proposed to have gold and silver medals for the best shooting, allotted on scores each match, and finally becoming the property of the best average shots for the season.



This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dropsy, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Nervousness.  
It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.  
It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.  
It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—other Iron medicines do.  
It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and is soothing and strengthening to the muscles and nerves.  
For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.  
Beware! The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.  
Solely by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

## NEW CASH GROCERY.

I have just opened a new and first-class family grocery at 329 Broadway, where I have a

FRESH STOCK OF EVERYTHING IN MY LINE.

—AND AM SELLING AT—

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES FOR CASH!

Goods delivered in any part of the city free of charge.

All kinds of Country Produce taken in Exchange.

J. E. DAILEY.

Jan. 2d.

## WHAT TO BUY

—FOR YOUR—

## HUSBAND FATHER, OR BROTHER

## USEFUL HOLIDAY GIFTS!

One-half Dozen Shirts for	- - -	\$6.00
One Dozen Collars for	- - -	2.00
One Dozen Cuffs for	- - -	3.00
One-half Doz. Hemstitched Handkerchiefs,	2.00	
One-half Doz. One-half Hose for	- - -	2.00
Fine Silk Mohair Umbrella for	- - -	4.00
Pair Hand Painted Silk Suspenders for	- - -	3.50
Pair Scotch Knit Gloves for	- - -	1.00
Silk Mufflers, Silk Handkerchiefs, Scarfs, Embroidered Slippers in great variety can be seen at		

## WHITE HALL, CRUTCHER & STARKS.

## CAPITAL ART GALLERY!

H. G. MATTERN, Prop'r,

No. 439 Main St., Over Crutcher & Starks' White Hall Clothing House

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS ARE OFFERED IN THE WAY of fine pictures of all styles and descriptions. Why will the people of Frankfort send to the city for work when they can be accommodated at home.

Oct. 25—tf.

## THE LARGEST SEED HOUSE IN CENTRAL KENTUCKY.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer

## IN ALL KINDS OF FIELD SEEDS.

Clover, Timothy, Kentucky Blue Grass, Orchard Grass, Red Top, Hungarian, Millet, Seed Grain, &c.

Always in the market to buy and sell anything in our line. Correspondence solicited. Telephone Connection.

P. CARROLL.

Sept. 19-6m.

77 and 79 W. Main Street,

Lexington, Ky.











# ROUNABOUT-Supplement

FRANKFORT, KY., JANUARY 2, 1886.

The Roller Skating Rink will be opened this morning at 9 1/2 o'clock, in Haly's Hall on Main street. This will be good news to the young people.

## Forks of Elkhorn.

Miss Lena Kirtley, of Eddyville, spent a few days here with Miss Jennie Featherston.

Misses Annie South and Fannie Bullock, of Frankfort, have been out visiting friends.

Mrs. Fannie Allen, of Stedmanville, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. South Trimble, here.

Mrs. Alice Seantland, of Farmdale, was over and spent a couple of days with her sister, Mrs. Sallie Burdin.

The Christmas tree at Providence Church on Christmas Eve night was splendid and well attended and everybody seemed pleased.

Welcome, Woodlake; glad to see you; sorry your express line, the O. F. C., was ditched; tell So Simly not to load so heavy, or he will lose his whiz wheel; good-bye; my regards to the Chinese.

The Forks Mission Sunday-school had a Jacob's ladder instead of a Christmas tree on Christmas night, and it proved a grand success. The spectators as well as the children were delighted. The presents were numerous and well selected.

We are glad to know that the mugwumps are coming to the front at Woodlake. They are the fellows to fill any position. Vote the prohibition ticket, boys, if they do call you a mugwump. We are bound to win. Three cheers for the mugwumps!

Last Wednesday night week, about 11 o'clock, Mr. Ben. Sullivan met a man that lives near Frankfort, with two turkeys, and as the moon was shining brightly, he recognized the turkeys, at least he thought he did, so he stopped him and told him that he had stolen them. He marched him up to Mr. Loyd Featherston's, when after a trial before a half a dozen men, he acknowledged that he had stolen them from Mr. Featherston and by his request was set loose. We have now made Ben our private detective.

The same night we had the top story of a bee hive stolen, and the supposition is that the turkey thief stole the hive. We withhold his name this time, but if we ever catch him out here again we will do worse than publish his name.

## Bridgeport.

Delightful weather.  
Colds are prevalent.

Turning over a new leaf is now in order.  
Several cases of pneumonia in this section.

Little Brownie Parrent has recovered from her recent illness.

Mrs. Jas. Hopel, of Cincinnati, is the guest of Mrs. Ruth Hall.

Mr. J. D. Parrent, who has been quite sick this week, is very much better.

A mild winter so far; and all without the intervention of the weather prophets.

The usual number of parties and dinings have occurred during the holidays.

Mrs. Emily Parrent and Mrs. Martha Jackson are each better this week.

The "boss" men occupied a prominent position at the social at the toll-gate.

Miss Annie Collins, of Lawrenceburg, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Wm. Miller.

Mr. R. H. Hawkins and family, of Lexington, are visiting relatives in this section.

Mr. Thos. Freeman, who has been quite feeble for some time, is at the point of death.

Mr. Fritz Reddish, of Oldham county, is visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity.

In order that the race may be interesting we advise a few announcements as candidates for Jailer.

Dr. Chinn is kept quite busy, plainly indicating that considerable sickness is abroad in this section.

Ben Sargent, of Jessamine county, and Miss Fannie Mastin, of Woodford county, are in the neighborhood.

Kendrick Wade, Colie Crockett, Will Hawkins, and Raleigh Armstrong are the boss rifle shots in these diggings.

Willie Wade, of the Bridgeport school, and Willie Parrent, of the Pea Ridge school, are the honor pupils in spelling.

Regular services at Evergreen Chapel to-day at 2 p. m., and to-morrow at 11 a. m., Pastor Hungerford officiating. All are invited to attend.

Prof. J. B. Lea has returned from a visit to—well, it matters not where—but all the same he is ready to commence work Monday with renewed energy.

Those contemplating tobacco culture during the coming season might make it profitable by having their grubblings and wood-croppings now while candidates are plentiful.

Turkey shooting, raffling, and other methods of pastime incident to Christmas have occupied the time of the fun-loving for several days past. "Birds of a feather will flock together." The above adage is more plainly perceptible during Christmas perhaps than at any other time.

## Carrier's Address.

BY THOS. B. FORD

Eighteen hundred and eighty-six  
Finds most of us in a good fix.  
And while some of us may not thrive  
We'll thank the Lord we're all at it.  
And if we cannot ape the fashions  
We're thankful for our daily rations:  
That we are living creatures still,  
And not up yonder on the hill.  
And if we haint a seal skin coat  
We're still allowed to treat and vote.  
Oat happy thought the sort inflates.  
Now we've so many candidates.  
It is a glorious consolation.  
And fills with pride this grand old nation.  
And makes us all rejoice when  
We see so many able men.  
So many statesmen good and wise  
Quite willing for the sacrifice:  
To serve the State and save the county  
And live upon the people's bounty.  
A glorious era for the floater.  
To make himself known as a voter:  
For in all this election jam  
We find few men not worth a dram.  
From County Judge to County Clerk  
We're apt to have some stirring work.  
From County Jailer to Assessor  
We're apt to have a pretty mess, sir.  
We'll have before the thing is fixed  
A lot of physie strongly mixed.  
But from our duty never shrink  
And at the fountain freely drink.  
We'll take it crooked, take it straight  
And always get home very late.  
And when the good wife cries and bellows  
We'll lay it all to the Odd Fellows.  
And lie down on the kitchen rug  
Quite thankful we're not in the jug.  
Enough, enough, I'll pass to themes  
More fit for my poetic dreams.  
I'll speak of water, grand supply:  
Thank God, we are no longer dry.  
Each man in Frankfort, should he be frisky,  
When he drinks something else but whisky.  
Oh! water, water, see it gushing,  
And down the hillside fairly rushing.  
No matter if the pipes do burst.  
We've something now to quench our thirst.  
And so our scores of saloons ought to  
Mix all their liquors with pure water.  
'Tis good advice and what they need  
To give new temper to the breed.  
Our Legislators may not like it  
But if they don't why let 'em spike it.  
T'will be a change at any rate  
For the old staggering trembling state.  
And while we may have many grumblers  
We'll not have quite as many tumblers.  
We'll have a better, higher law,  
And less disturbance down in Crawl.  
That spot no more in red we'll paint  
In wars of sinners and of saint.  
We'll turn the darkness into light  
And drive away the ghouls of night.  
And need no more a long petition  
To send these wretches to perdition.  
Affairs down there will be quite nice  
And property increase in price.  
We'll bury sin deep in the grave  
And launch the sinners on the wave.  
But where to sail? aye there's the rub,  
To Heaven or Baelzebub?  
Adrift upon the sea of sin,  
Without a port to enter in.  
Adrift upon an ocean wide,  
Compelled the waves of hate to ride:  
To sail and sail forevermore,  
And never find a friendly shore.  
No welcome harbor for each bark,  
Adrift upon this ocean dark,  
On this broad earth is ever found

Until these storm tossed ships go down.  
Until at last the billows roll  
Above each sin-polluted soul.  
Good friend, I'll tell you what we need,  
More charity in word and deed.  
We need good churches and good schools  
To lift these wretches from the pools:  
We need a higher, better law  
To save the sinners down in Crawl.  
Build up your Church, build up your school  
And imitate the Golden Rule.  
Then all this gloom will pass away,  
And we will bless that glorious day.  
But spite of clamors and of cries  
Our city still is on the rise.  
In mercy's name, how can we fail.  
When soon we'll have a fine new jail.  
And when our Public Building's done,  
We will be happy, every one.  
The Legislature, now in session,  
Can help us all beyond expression.  
By making, ere it is too late,  
A decent State House for the State.  
For this dilapidated barn  
Ain't worth a patching or a darn.  
Oh Legislators, all our laws  
Are full of wide and gaping flaws.  
We need good houses for our schools  
So other States won't call us fools:  
We need good roads on which to travel.  
The bad ones lead us to the devil.  
We need more vim and animation.  
More railroads and more navigation.  
We need what every farmer likes,  
Ten thousand more of new turnpikes.  
We need more progress all around us.  
The chains of sloth too long have bound us.  
From all this apathy awaking,  
We long to see the new day breaking.

\* \* \* \* \*  
All of the past old year that's out,  
I've carried you the ROUNABOUT.  
In cold, in heat, in rain, in snow,  
I've brought it weekly to your door,  
And as I wish you all much joy,  
Think kindly of the CARRIER BOY.  
  
The Cedar Run Distillery began running Thursday.  
  
Sandriffle.  
  
John W. Rogers is the leading star here for jailer. John is a gentleman of splendid development. He is kind, courteous, and intelligent. He is said to have a wide circle of admiring friends.  
  
Our bad boy smeared the room with coal oil, then applied the torch around his mother's bed. The old lady hobbled out on crutches in her night dress to the woods. The cat, with one eye, escaped without a singe. The house was consumed by accident.  
  
Mr. Leonidas Harrod was more mild in his sarcasms on the school teacher and Prof. Hunter than was naturally expected of him. Your Sandriffle reporter would lose his right arm before he would write a syllable derogatory to the character of this people or the place. The dry jokes that may have appeared in the ROUNABOUT were intended as jokes and read as jokes but viciously construed by one illiterate, bad man to mean evil.  
  
Louisville Tobacco Market.  
  
FURNISHED BY GLOVER & DURETT, PROPRIETORS LOUISVILLE TOBACCO WAREHOUSE.  
  
The sales on our market for the year amount to 126,577 lbs. The market closed firm on all grades without any material change in prices. There will be no more sales on our market until after January 4th.  
  
Joe Bohannon said the first grace in his "plus" lifetime over a thirty pound turkey Christmas day. It was a -cene that would inspire the pencil of the artist to see the old "plus" patriarch as he loaded the plates of his excellent wife, kids and the writer with turkey and other choice viands which the table fairly groined under. Now, Joe, I hope you may live to enjoy many such dinners with no "vacant chair" at table, and when you have swapped mortality for immortality and passed through the "Pearly Gates," that the first "person" to meet and greet you will be the same bronzed turkey gobbler who you murdered in cold blood in this life when his plying eye was upturned to heaven, as much as to say: "Forgive him, Father, he don't know what he is doing," but having been glorified, he will conduct you to the great white throne to receive the crown which you are striving so hard in this life to win.  
U. B. K.